

RICHARD III  
OF  
THE THIRD

Comprising his cheerefull Plots against  
the late King Edward the Fourth  
and his issue: with the whole  
course of his death and buriall  
By William Shakespeare  
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*Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.*

**N**OW is the winter of discontent,  
Made glorious sommer by this Sonne of Yorke:  
And all the cloudes that low'r vpon our house,  
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,  
Now are our browes bound with victorius wreathes,  
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.  
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings.  
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.  
Grim-visag'd war, hath smoothd his wrinkled front,  
And now insted of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,  
He capers nimble in a Ladies chamber,  
To the laciuius pleasing of a loue,  
But I that am not sharpe of sportiue trickes,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glasse,  
I that am rudely stamp't, and want loues maicesty,  
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;  
I that am curtail'd of this faire proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, ynfinisht sent before my time  
Into this breathing world hal'e made vp,  
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,  
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them;  
Why I in this weake piping time of peace,  
Haue no delight to passe away the time,  
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the Iunne,  
And descant on mine owne deformity;  
And therefore since I cannot proue a loue,  
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,  
I am determin'd to proue a villaine,  
And hate the late pleasures of these dayes,  
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,